UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The New Humanism

By PAUL H. GRUMMANN

Remarkable Work Done by the Friends in Poland

By LUCY E. TEXTOR

A Negro Masterpiece and a New Du Bois Book

Reviewed by AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL
and
MARY WHITE OVINGTON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIV MONDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1924 NUMBER 14

The Eternal Christmas

I

If we were wise in our age,
As they were wise of old
Who made their star-lit pilgrimage
O'er desert ways and cold,
We too would come with eager feet,
Where'er a babe is born,
And with our gifts of incense greet
Another Christmas morn.

II

If we were ministers of God,
The winged seraphim,
If we the starry spaces trod
And touched creation's rim,
We too would cleave the bending skies
Whene'er a babe is born,
And with our Bethl'hem song surprise
Another Christmas morn.

III

While stands the miracle of birth,
God wearies not of men;
When comes a little child to earth,
The heavens are young again.
The angels cry, the planets flame,
"Immanuel is born!"
And simple human hearts proclaim
Another Christmas morn.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

We wish our subscribers and readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! Our family is so widely scattered throughout the world, that this wish will come tardily to many of its members. But the important thing is that it arrive, as it started, full-freighted with our love. We are going to try in 1925 to make UNITY a greater paper than ever before, a more potent influence for good, kindlier, wiser, truer. We ask your help to this end by sustaining us with your good will. Especially we ask your help in the work of enlarging the family. *Get us new subscribers!*

Christmas 1924 will be a festive holiday. These are bumper times, and everybody is prosperous. We anticipate that more money will be spent in gifts, more bundles handled by the post office, more bonuses presented by "flush" employers to grateful employees, than ever before in the nation's history. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year, indeed! It may be well for us to remember, however, why it is we are so prosperous and thus able to celebrate so bounteously our religious festival. At bottom is the fact that the rest of the world has suffered a dire, perhaps a fatal catastrophe, which touched us only as the fringe of a cyclone may touch the edge of a town and leave it practically undamaged. We are prosperous because the rest of mankind, or a considerable portion thereof, is poor, miserable and sick. We are prosperous because nearly everybody in sight owes us money, and thus is enslaved by bonds of economic necessity to the service of our desires. We are prosperous because we have become the reservoir of the world's wealth, the supplier of the world's needs, the mart of the world's trade, the center of the world's finance. We went into the War to save our loans, and behold we are rewarded sixty fold, eighty fold, an hundred fold. All this stirs us to joy—we shall see orgies of merriment this season! But it may well stir us also to something deeper far than any satisfaction over our own good fortune, however generously and lavishly expressed. To our way of thinking, this Christmas calls not for merriment but for pity, not for indulgence but for sacrifice, not for contentment but for love. It calls as never before for the spirit of the Christ, which leaves all to follow in the path of service "for others' sakes." What as a people we should actually do at this juncture, we do not know—or at least we will not say. It is not programs but the spirit we are concerned with at this moment. And the spirit, if it be truly of the Christmastide, must be something very different from anything that America manifests today.

If President Coolidge doesn't look out, we are going to like him after all. We suppose that he can stand it—he seems commendably free of all sensitiveness to either praise or blame. But we wonder if we can stand it, after all that we have said! However this may be, we propose to recognize merit when we see it, and it strikes us that Mr. Coolidge has been piling up merit consistently since the election. Thus we liked enormously his public statement on the morrow of his November 4th triumph. We like his association with Mr.

Borah and his constant consultations with the Senator on matters of policy. We like his appointments; he fumbled badly with Mr. Wilbur, but recovered magnificently with Mr. Stone, and now places all citizens in his debt by appointing a great jurist, Judge Hand, to the circuit bench. We liked his dispensing with a special train or even private car on his recent trip to Chicago—we have never seen why presidents should travel like kings! Most of all, however, do we like certain portions of his message to Congress, more especially his remarkable endorsement of the Outlawry of War. He has endorsed this before, but now he devotes to it not a passing reference but a definite paragraph of discussion and interpretation. We print the President's words on this issue in full:

> Much interest has of late been manifested in this country in the discussion of various proposals to outlaw aggressive war. I look with great sympathy upon the examination of this subject. It is in harmony with the traditional policy of our country, which is against aggressive war and for the maintenance of permanent and honorable peace. While, as I have said, we must safeguard our liberty to deal according to our own judgment with our domestic policies, we cannot fail to view with sympathetic interest all progress to this desired end or carefully to study the measures that may be proposed to attain it.

This was preceded by another paragraph urging that the country "support efforts which are being made toward the codification of international law," which is of course a part of the same great idea, as our readers well understand. Such statements mean that Outlawry has now become a definite part of the administration policy. How little we dreamed a few years back, when UNITY, first among all the papers in this country, adopted Outlawry as its program, that it would so soon receive presidential support!

We rejoice to announce the happy news that Dr. David Starr Jordan, Chancellor-Emeritus of Leland Stanford University, long an editor of UNITY and a frequent contributor to these columns, has been awarded the prize of $25,000 offered by Raphael Herman of Washington, D. C., for the best educational plan calculated to maintain world peace. This success is not only a triumph in itself, but also a fitting reward of a long life fruitful beyond that of almost any other living man in the cause of international amity and concord. Dr. Jordan has enlisted in the cause of peace his authority as a scientist as well as his consecration as a man and citizen, and therewith made original contribution to the solution of the problem. Dr. Jordan's plan, which has won this handsome prize, recommends, in outline,

> that "the World federation make intensive studies of certain matters pertinent to world amity through the continuous operation of appropriate committees on education for peace, these to report at stated meetings of the federation and the various kindred national organizations corresponding to and including our own National Education association, indicating at the same times lines of action likely to contribute toward international concord. Meanwhile, one must admit that any specified procedure can be at best only a step toward the development of enlightened public opinion and co-operation in affecting mutual understanding among peoples."

The "World Federation" above referred to is the World Federation of Education Associations, which directed the contest from which Dr. Jordan has emerged as victor. We congratulate our revered and distinguished friend upon this triumph, and wish him many years of health and strength in the service of the great cause to which he has given such notable leadership. When war at last has gone the way of slavery and other social abominations, and peace at last has come upon the earth, it will be because of the unremitting and undiscouraged labors of such crusaders as David Starr Jordan, of California.

The town of Charlton, Massachusetts, has recently honored itself by erecting and dedicating with fitting public ceremonies a monument in memory of Dr. Morton, the discoverer of ether, and as such the greatest modern benefactor of mankind, with the possible exception of the immortal Pasteur. A similar monument, if we remember rightly, stands in Boston. Is there any other place, however, in which Dr. Morton has been memorialized? We doubt it. This monument business runs pretty persistently to other things than beneficence and humanitarianism. Indeed, if there is any final evidence of the essential barbarism of so-called civilized peoples, it is the statues and other memorials with which they adorn their cities. Boston has done far better than most cities, but even here we have the Hooker statue in front of the State House and the Cass statue in the Public Gardens. Washington is glorified by the Lincoln Memorial, but its parks and circles are loaded down with Grants, Shermans, Sheridans, Hancocks, Jacksons and we know not how many other military heroes. New York has a Burns, a Scott, a Shakespeare, a Columbus, a Verdi, but its share of generals and admirals is complete. London has its Westminster Abbey, but even here there are more kings, courtiers and forgotten soldiers than there are true servants of humankind, and the city's central shaft is the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square. And everywhere, in English churches, as in all American towns and cities, there are the Soldiers' Monuments, commemorating brave men, no doubt, but also keeping alive the sentiment of war. We have no desire to exaggerate or distort. But we must record it as our conviction that there is no more serious factor in our problem of securing peace than this habit of glorifying in public monuments the heroes of war. Each war brings along its own new crop of statues, and thus psychologically prepares the way for the next war. If every effigy of a soldier were torn down, and an effigy of Dr. Morton put in its place, the minds of men might soon be changed!

We are hearing rumors of proposed legislation in Denmark giving authority to physicians, under strict

legal control, to end the lives of the incurable, and of others whose existence is a burden. We have no information covering these reports, and can only say that they seem characteristic of what is perhaps the most enlightened country in Europe. If any of our readers can give us facts bearing upon the matter, we would welcome them. Meanwhile we want to take advantage of this opportunity to endorse the policy of Euthanasia, as it is called. In certain strictly defined cases, at least, we believe that its practice would be wholly beneficent. These cases may be classified into three groups. First, there are the idiotic, the imbecile, the incurably insane—those animals in human form who crowd the asylums which are never seen save by the unhappy persons whose business it is to care for these unfortunates. Secondly, there are the infants born with malformations or without brains, and thus doomed to a life of helpless dependency. Lastly, there are the aged, whose active lives are over, when stricken with painful disease or disability beyond the power of any physician to relieve. Why should these miserable mortals be kept alive? Why should not considerations of mercy accomplish in these cases what is accomplished in the case of the humblest animals? We know that human life is sacred—but why for that very reason should it not be granted the boon of death when death is conceded to be a blessing? We know that physicians, like other persons, are fallible—but every day, so to speak, they make decisions in the light of their best judgment involving hazards of life and death, and if in other cases, why not in these? We know that this practice might foster criminal conspiracies, especially where property is involved, but so do commitments for insanity, yet we trust the law to guard us. Euthanasia we regard as a test of civilization, and we think it should be discussed as such.

For the sake of efficiency we divide industry into ten thousand thousand parts. It is the product we are after. In our interest in quantity production we forget the man. He presses a lever—or sometimes a screw all day long. It is dulf routine drudgery, but never mind, we have the ten millionth product. In education for efficiency's sake we set men to the most minute study of social and scientific problems. The experts dig themselves in so deep that they cannot see what is going on about them. When they come out of their excavations, they are even more helpless than the man on the street. The latter does know something of what is going on in the world, after all. But the experts and research reporters *ad infinitum,* these have long since lost sight of the meaning of education and scholarship. As far as we can see, division of labor in industry and education appears to come to the same end. A great interest in production and little concern for the producers! The modern university resembles a factory. The competition for numbers who can be turned out as finished products only emphasizes the parallel. We are forgetting that it is not things but life which is important. Awed by the vastness of the product of the industrial machine, we lose sight of the fact that education should be primarily for living and only secondarily for production. "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Why do the publishers publish so many books at Christmas time, or at any other time? What is the gain to authors, readers, or literature in general, in having books pouring from the presses in such a flood that a good proportion of even the most excellent books are never read because never heard of? How many of the famous authors of the past would ever have attained to such eminence as they now enjoy, had they been obliged to contend with the competition of the sheer quantity production which now engulfs us? We found ourselves pondering these questions the other day as we stood in a cut-rate drug store looking over the heaps of books piled up indiscriminately on the literature counters. Here were the "left-overs" from the best publishers in New York—books that had never sold—some of them volumes of no consequence, others in surprising number works of first-rate importance. Here were a dozen or more copies, for example, of an extraordinarily able novel, published by no less a house than Macmillans, written by one of the most distinguished authors of fiction in England. These were first-edition copies, listed at $2.50 and here selling for fifty cents. At the other end of the table was an enormous pile of copies of an historical work of the first order of importance, beautifully printed, profusely illustrated and documented, listed at $5, and also selling for fifty cents. This, like the novel, had never passed the first printing, although issued in 1919. If books like these do not sell, what happens to the oceans of books which have no distinction, no author's fame, no especial character of any kind, to attract and hold attention—the thousands of novels, for instance, that one has never heard of before and will never hear of again? The explanation of this phenomenon, we imagine, is the commercial spirit. The publishers are business men who conduct their operations on a gambling basis. Some books will sell, and some will not! Losses will on an average balance gains! If enough books are published, a best-seller is sure to be found once and so often, and this will bring in the profits! It is a clever scheme, which apparently works; but its relation to literature seems far to seek.

Jottings

At a religious meeting at Harvard attended by several hundreds of students, it was discovered on a show of hands that only four boys had prayed the day before, that the same number had read the Bible through, and that only about one-fourth of the entire assembly believed in a personal God. Does this mean that Harvard is an atheistical college, or does it mean that the younger generation everywhere is abandoning religion?

When rich men talk about the vanity of riches, a tired feeling enters deep into our bones. Here is George F. Baker, worth his hundreds of millions, saying that "integrity is better than wealth." If he really feels that way, why didn't he choose integrity?

France has honored herself by burying the great Socialist, Jaurès, in the Pantheon. Had England buried Morel in Westminster Abbey, at the side of Wilberforce, for instance, she would have been as civilized as France. If America, when the day comes, buries Debs in the Capital or at Arlington Cemetery, she also will be as civilized as France.

The Soviets have reduced the Red Army and Navy from 610,000 to 562,000 men. The Army is now about half as large as it was in 1922, when we were in Russia. This is a measure of the security of the Bolshevik government. It is also a measure of its sincerity for peace. What other nation is disarming at this rate?

The ladies of Paterson, New Jersey, have agreed to enforce patriotism in their city by knocking off the hats of men who remain covered when the flag goes by. The word "ladies" is well advised in this connection. Only "ladies" could propose action of this kind.

Definitions.—*General*: a gamester who uses men as pawns, and nations as stakes. J. H. H.

The New Humanism

The deepest tragedy of Jesus was not the supreme sacrifice that has engaged the imagination of men for centuries. Martyrdom has its own sweet reward, but to see one's teachings misinterpreted and incorrectly applied is indeed Promethean torture. Had Jesus lived to see the strange distortions that were made of his simple, beautiful, common-sense gospel, his wrath might well have exceeded that which he showed when he drove the money changers from the temple.

We think at once of the body of dogmatism that was thrown around the teachings of this enemy of dogma. We think of the organizations with their functionaries that made themselves the custodians of his traditions. We think of the persecutions that run through the annals of the Church and wonder how all these things can be harmonized with the sure-footed teachings about justice and mercy that fell from the Master's lips as he went about the world evaluating men and affairs.

Nowhere is this irony of misinterpretation more glaring than in connection with the great basic message of Jesus: "I am come that they may have life, the life more abundant." For scarcely had he laid down his life for this principle, when the primitive church that sprang up around the lore of his career, began by narrowing life and cheating it out of some of its most precious privileges.

Springing up in the days of imperialistic madness, the church was naturally unfriendly to the gross debauchery practiced by the idle drones of a corrupt state. The poverty of most of its adherents greatly aided in making out of Christianity a cult of renunciation. Poverty and the renunciation that it imposes were naturally elevated into virtues, and the result was that man surrendered many of the things that minister unto the "life more abundant."

Here began the deep distrust of Christianity for the physical life. Far from being regarded as the basis of sound mental and spiritual activity as it had been in the best days of Greece and Rome, it was regarded with deep suspicion and constantly placed in contrast with moral excellence. The immediate result was that men began to deteriorate physically, and, as a result, they likewise began to become atrophied in spiritual matters. Not only did they lose the superb joy of mere animal existence, but the important psychic faculties related to it ceased to function normally.

Man lost his sense of beauty. No longer could he have naïve joy in the beauty of the human body as in the glorious days of Greece. Not even the plant and animal kingdoms, nor the subtle effect of the landscape ministered to his imagination, for the eyes that might reveal such things to him were in danger of lapsing into sinful ways. Sight is a sense and the senses, somehow, cater to the sins. Hearing might equally be the pitfall of the unwary, therefore music must be placed under the closest scrutiny, lest it involve man in everlasting ruin.

It has taken us centuries to outgrow the stupid limitations thrown around life by the misguided followers of Him, who came to bring us "life more abundant." Indeed we are still handicapped by them to a considerable extent. We are willing to concede that seeing and hearing have become somewhat respectable. The sense of feeling is still under the ban. If you were to write a poem depicting the glory of having the sun shine on your body it would be looked upon as slightly Pagan and "not very uplifting." Yet from the sense of feeling we have developed some of our most definite conceptions of refinement, for do we not assert that a man is not trustworthy in art until his "feelings" guide him correctly.

While the sense of feeling only is under suspicion, the senses of taste and of smell are still in outer darkness. They are of the flesh and not to be mentioned in polite society. Learned writers on æsthetics tell us

that these two senses, unlike their more aristocratic companions, have nothing to do with art, and are somehow detached from that inner circle reserved for the higher life.

Such foolish inconsistencies of thought are only to be explained on the ground of prejudices, prejudices that caused the early Christians to look with distrust on all things physical. Just as they put a wrong interpretation on sensual experience, they played havoc with sane conceptions of sex. Volumes have been filled with cases of hysterical extravagance that resulted from this violation of a sane conception of life.

As we retrace our steps to Galilee and note the sturdy common-sense of its immortal teacher, we can imagine what his reaction to the doctrines of his misguided devotees would have been. How quick he would have been to note that a healthy body, sound nerves, keen senses are the basis of spiritual existence and the "life more abundant."

Stored away in the memory of every man that has used his eyes effectively are innumerable pictures that beautify his inner life and form a basis for refined living. These pictures lie on either side of the road on which we are traveling, and we shall see them as we gain discrimination and judgment. Likewise there flit through the consciousness of the cultured man the memories of melodies from Palestrina to Strauss, melodies that originally fell on the physical ear, but nevertheless became a potent factor in the spiritual life of the listener. The senses of touch and taste and smell likewise minister to our culture at every turn, if we will but utilize them wisely.

The ancient Greek knew this higher glory of physical existence with its many spiritual implications. More than other races he lived the physical life, draining it to the dregs, without descending to debauchery. Out of the Olympian games blossomed the art of Greece, its sculpture, its poetry, its philosophy, its religion. That early Christianity failed to articulate the gains that Greece had made for mankind, is one of the greatest misfortunes of human history, the full significance of which we are just beginning to realize.

Abundant physical life, lived on an ascending scale, leads to expression in art form and art, in turn, is one of the greatest agencies that enrich life. If we needed evidence for this assertion it would not be difficult to find it. We at once think of Darwin, who lamented the fact that his scientific research had made it impossible for him to heed this vital factor. Some years ago we were thrilled by a commencement address delivered by an eminent scientist who assured us that, after all, the art that is thrown around life is the element most worth while.

And yet abundant living reaches beyond this most necessary physical basis. Sensual perceptions become a real benefit, a real joy to us, when we evaluate them, when we fit them into our experience, when we relate them one to another. This is true of all art, although it is most readily apparent in poetry.

> Like tides on the crescent sea-beach
> When the moon is new and thin,
> Into our hearts high yearnings
> Come welling and surging in.

At a glance we see that this poem will live on account of the superb manner in which sense impressions, the tide on the beach, the crescent moon and spiritual yearning have been related.

> Sunset and evening star
> And one clear call for me.

We at once recognize the same element.

It is the play of the imagination over our sense impressions that endows them with beauty and it is this play of the imagination that makes life tolerable and, in more favorable cases, also beautiful. If we should dismantle our lives of these imaginings and cling to "things as they are" we should be pretty much like creatures in a desert sun without an epidermis. As Riley once put it:

> No one can tell, lest he should see
> How less than little he would be
> Till stripped to self, all stark and bare
> He hung his sign out anywhere.

We are not what we seem, and strive to appear something that we are not. We consider everybody and everything in a colored light. If we did not, if we could not do this, life would simply become intolerable for any thinking being.

Suppose for a moment that we could not see our profession in the rosy light of exaggeration. Would we be willing to do the thousands of trivial things that its routine involves. The mother that cannot exalt her children above their actual importance will fail to bring them up to the proper level. We, literally, go through life with magnifying glasses. They are needed at every turn.

And yet, strangely enough, we must not magnify things beyond certain limits. A man may get to the point of seeing nothing but his profession. A woman may see paragons in her children. We must light up the world for ourselves with Aladdin's Lamp, yet we must be on our guard lest we get the lens too badly out of focus. Our despised feelings, our taste is the only guide that will enable us to judge to what extent we are to enter this delightful and profitable game of make-believe.

No one who takes life prosaically, who looks at things as they are can share in the "life more abundant." Abundant life lies in the realm of make-believe, of poetry, of the imagination.

One cannot recall the life of Jesus without being impressed with the skill that he showed in placing marvellously poetic interpretations upon life, without for a moment losing a sure footing in the realities of life. One is impressed with the common-sense that rings through his observations and hallows them.

It was his sound common-sense that made Jesus realize that the life more abundant is essentially the religious life. When he exhorted the fishermen to leave their nets and become fishers of men, he simply made them relate themselves to their brethren spiritually, and his quick insight realized that this was essential to their own welfare. Man is not a hermit by nature and he lives only when he reacts spiritually upon his fellows.

This we can constantly observe in our own environment. How appalling it is to see a teacher torn out of his teaching environment, if he can no longer exert his spiritual influence. How quickly he degenerates into a mere travesty of a human being. Teachers, preachers, social workers of all kinds cannot retire. Torn out of their pattern in human society they die, if deprived of

their spiritual activity. Life more abundant is impossible without the human touch along spiritual levels. This is what Jesus meant by making his followers fishers of men.

Nor can the "life more abundant" be attained without relating one's self to the world and the universe. We are like creatures dropped for a moment into the mazes of a strange city. We are uncomfortable till we begin to know the directions and the main avenues of intercourse. Gradually we absorb the plan of the city and extend our knowledge to the suburbs. Later we learn the state and the country. We become oriented and life takes on a new meaning.

No one can attain to abundant living who does not go through this process in a spiritual sense; who does not find himself in this complex thing that is called our world. To find one's explanation of the world is to find one's philosophy. Even when this philosophy is incorrect it yields satisfaction to the individual, for it gives him at least a habitation. Thousands of persons have been happy because they conceived of the world as a place surrounded by a huge serpent. Greater happiness came to those of course who could form a more imposing image of the world for themselves and could relate themselves to it. Here lies the crucial weakness of a vast number of unbelievers. They throw off old conceptions of the world, without forming new ones and, therefore, are doomed to wander through life without a home.

A most instructive example of this phenomenon is to be found in the experience of Fechner, the great psychologist. A man of profound intelligence, he cast aside the inadequate world conceptions of tradition and lived in a world that to him seemed chaos. Diligently he labored in his laboratory and laid the foundations of that marvellous science of physiological psychology which has literally transformed our world. At the age of forty this scholar was a patient and resigned to what seemed certain death. He now evolved for himself a new conception of the world. He conceived the theory that all matter has a spiritual element, that there was a world soul and a greater soul of the universe to which his own soul was related. Life took on a new interest for him, his health was restored and he gave the world many additional years of productive labor. There is nothing miraculous about this. It merely carries out the common-sense doctrine of Jesus, that man is by nature a religious being.

Fechner's philosophy was not faultless logically, but it was the most satisfactory world order that he could fashion for himself and, therefore, became the source of endless joy and inspiration to him. His experience is of interest to us because it illustrates the influence of a religious attitude upon mere physical existence in tangible terms. The inspirational value, the part that this religious attitude played in quickening the intellectual and productive activity of the great scientist, is of course, of far greater consequence.

The importance of the religious consciousness has never been exemplified better than in the early 19th century. The rationalists had reasoned the old theology out of court and many alert and intelligent men lived in an atmosphere of cynicism. Then came the rather primitive Pantheism of Rousseau and many men of intelligence found God in nature. The direct result of this shift in attitude was the remarkable literature that sprang up in England, Germany and France.

The lake poets in England and a whole group, indirectly quickened by them, found new and deeper values in life itself. In Germany this new religious consciousness produced not only the great classical literature of Goethe and Schiller, but quickened scientific research and enriched life generally.

This same Pantheism gave us what we might call our classical American literature. Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell are all sustained by this gospel, which even was fashioned into a kind of creed by New England Unitarianism.

It is only fair to state that Pantheism, at best, was an imperfect philosophy, but faulty as it was, its religious influence was singularly potent. Few would contend that it is best to settle upon it as a definite creed. The essential thing is that man should take his religion seriously enough to find new philosophies when the old ones no longer answer to the highest reaches of his intelligence. Man cannot live the "life more abundant" when he considers himself a meaningless atom, tossed about in a topsy turvy world in a thoroughly haphazard way. Nor can he be satisfied when he feels that his philosophy is open to serious doubts.

Pantheism as interpreted by Goethe and his followers developed a new philosophy along evolutionary lines, which became the principal religious faith of most intelligent men of the nineteenth century. Scoff, as we may, at the Victorian period, its Brownings and Tennysons and Lowells with "forward, upward, reaching sense of some more noble permanence," were after all vastly superior to the cynical materialistic Kiplings that came in their wake.

The crucial error of materialism is to be found in the fact that it is unproductive in the realm of the better and more permanent things of life. This can be easily established the moment we compare materialistic trends with spiritual ones. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Fichte had the singularly ethereal theory that the universe was in no sense material, but spiritual. He went so far in his enthusiasm, that he denied the reality of a physical universe and practically minded men showed a fine scorn for his theories. Yet this philosophy became so stimulating that it produced most marvelous results. Out of it grew the great enthusiasm for education that led to the establishment of school systems running from kindergarten through the University. Out of it came the great principle of academic freedom, which intelligent persons recognize as one of the most important spiritual forces of the world. Out of it came the great modern university, no longer confined to the teaching of jurisprudence, medicine and theology, but to all of the mental and spiritual activities of the human being.

To see the world as a great developing organism gradually unfolding from lower to higher forms is a philosophy that has decidedly inspirational force. That it is a final philosophy that will continue fruitful for the best minds is doubtful. Our own generation has brought to light certain well founded doubts in regard to evolutionary philosophy. If evolution is a force that automatically brings development, then there is little use for strenuous effort on the part of man. Why not sit back and let the evolutionary process have its way. Am I wrong in believing that this is the besetting sin of the liberal today, that he is a kind of decadent evolutionist? The result is that the forces of intellectual and moral reaction are asserting themselves with unusual force and that the actual evolution of society

has come, I fear, to a rather abrupt stop. Not until the best men throw themselves into the struggle for social betterment can this stagnation be overcome. We Unitarians, I fear, are decadent liberals, because we feel that somehow the world will be liberalized by the sheer force of evolution, without any effort on our part whatsoever.

Am I correct in supposing that we need a new, vitalizing philosophy, if our life is to assume the vigor that it had when Emerson and Whittier were ardent about the pantheistic universe? And if so, where are we to look for the inspiration?

If I read the signs correctly, we are facing a rather decided reaction against the pantheistic trend of the last century. I believe that we shall again resolutely place man himself, rather than nature, in the forefront of our interest. We have been seeking and finding God in nature and we are now trying to find him in human beings, that the future will produce a result of the best efforts of humanity in that direction.

According to Dehmel, one of the new humanists, the world really becomes revealed to itself in man and not in what we have been calling nature.

> Through man what its depths conceals
> To itself the world reveals.

This reminds us of what Pope said long ago.

> The proper study of mankind is man.

But this new humanism that is exciting our thinkers has a decidedly progressive ring, absent in the placid classicism of Pope. It makes man with his physical, mental, spiritual possibilities the object of philosophical enthusiasm. How valid it will prove to be as a system of thought, remains to be seen. Certain it is that here is buoyancy, optimism, affirmation of life.

It resolutely demands that man should become a better man in order that a future of still better men may become possible. It teaches this with all the religious fervor of past philosophies. It calls to the decadent liberal to become a vital factor once more in the general scheme of things.

The ancient Greek mythology portrayed the figure of Prometheus who stole the sacred fire from heaven and aspired to become a god. Dire was the punishment meted out to that courageous soul. Today men seem to be getting new inspirations from a Promethean philosophy which teaches the duty of doing our best, physically, mentally, morally, generation after generation, for the future of the race.

It accomplishes this by throwing away the unproductive pessimism of a former generation and aligning itself squarely with optimism; by deserting the hazy doctrine of self-effacement that came with the pantheistic philosophy and teaching a more robust self-confidence.

> Man, you are to rear yourself,
> Many say this signifies
> Man, you are to flee from self
> Shun the course that this implies.
>
> Many a man has built his life
> On the course that stunts and levels,
> No man ere at God arrives
> By mere flight from God's own devils.

The new humanism means to utilize all of the advances that were made by pantheism with its splendid reverence for nature, but it relates nature back to man. Nature is not viewed as an abstract panorama outside of the course of man, but is of interest primarily in the ways in which it affects man. Consequently, we are getting a new humanistic art which stresses the manner in which nature quickens the physical, mental and emotional life of the individual.

A single example again for illustrating how this art approaches nature may suffice.

> When the fields at eve grow dimmer
> I can feel my eye grow clearer;
> One lone star begins to shimmer
> And the cricket's chirp grows weirder.
>
> Every sound grows more suggestive,
> The accustomed takes on strangeness,
> Paler grows the sky expansive,
> Every tree-top gains in clearness.
>
> And you do not note in passing
> How the stars have multiplied,
> Struggling forth from shadows massing,
> You stand awed and mystified.

The new humanism teaches that man has greater possibilities, physically, mentally, emotionally. As a direct result of this teaching it insists that life is vastly more important than it has been considered heretofore; that it, therefore, entails much greater responsibilities. The author of "The Psalm of Life" would certainly find a large measure of sane fiction in the phase of the new gospel.

Naturally enough such a philosophy led to the belief that joy is an essential element in the fuller life, that it holds out to us. And so it has produced some marvelous poetry on buoyancy and laughter, and it has taught that sorrow is negative and joy, positive; that sorrow is destructive and that joy is productive.

But the most important inference that this new philosophy has made, is that life, in order to be more effective, must exert itself, that it must have the splendid zeal of affecting its environment. Stimulated by the world, it must rebound and affect the world. This is beautifully illustrated by Dehmel's poem on "Petty Souls."

> Oh how they live and love in moderation;
> Fear that they might enrich their fellow-beings,
> Barter with cold and calm consideration,
> And as they hoard their gains, they hoard their feelings.
>
> Here stands one who would be thousand-handed
> To hurl himself as seed through all creation.
> A thousand fold to see his sphere expanded.
> A thousand fold to win rejuvenation.
>
> No, No! Your striving fills me with misgiving.
> My heart with cautious care I cannot barter.
> Rather with outcasts quaff the dregs of living
> Than seek with petty souls a friendly quarter.

The philosophy of the nineteenth century was largely inspired by the scientists, as we have already seen in our analysis of the pantheistic trend. By means of a purely pragmatic procedure men became dissatisfied with it, because it produced, somehow, types of men and women that did not answer fully to their ideals of humanity. Without being able to formulate our objections we came to believe that something must enter into life that might redeem human personality and instead of warping and maiming it, might make it more beautiful and inspiring. Men could not help but think of the beautiful human specimens of classical antiquity and the glorious Renaissance. Humanism is attempting to bring these back without losing the solid gains that have come to us from the various productive philosophies of recent generations.

It is a favorite method to trace our religious experi-

ences somehow back to the teacher of Galilee, and at first sight, it is most difficult to harmonize this new humanism with the conceptions that we have of Jesus. But it must be remembered that too frequently we have allowed incorrect philosophies to distort our conception of this most marvelous teacher. It should not be forgotten that earlier generations conceived Jesus as a young Apollo. Michelangelo depicted him as a Hercules in the last judgment. If I understand his importance correctly, his greatest contribution to life is to be found in his ability to go straight to the heart of things, of divesting them of accidental and subsidiary details of no consequence. With great flashes of inspiration he was able to define things. And so he defined his own activity and his own mission, in that sentence of classical simplicity, "I am come that they might have life and have it more abundantly." It is to this principle enunciated many centuries ago, which so many of the supposed followers of Jesus have violated, to which the old world seems to be returning with the hope for a vital gospel.

PAUL H. GRUMMANN.

The Remarkable Work Done by the Friends in Poland

The following article, by Professor Lucy E. Textor of Vassar College, was written in Warsaw, Poland, late in August, and sent at once to me for publication in America. I trust that UNITY will be able to use it. No part of Europe suffered worse during the war than did Poland, and nowhere has the suffering continued in more terrible forms since the war. It is also true that in no country have the Friends (the Quakers) done a more self-sacrificing or useful or wonderful work than in Poland. But neither the sufferings of the Polish people nor the remarkable labor of the Friends for their relief has been adequately reported in this country. In this article we have a description of both that is very vivid and at the same time absolutely reliable, coming as it does from one who has seen with her own eyes and studied the subjects thoroughly.

Dr. Textor is a professor of history in Vassar, her special field being Central and Eastern Europe. She has spent much time in Czecho-Slovakia, Russia and Poland, has been given by the governments and officials of these countries the most ample facilities for observation and study, and has recently published a book of historical research and investigation regarding certain areas there. For some years past she has been recognized as an authority on Russia and Central Europe, and has lectured much on these subjects in New York City and elsewhere.

As all historical students know, Poland has had a long and distinguished history. For many centuries it was one of the leading nations of Europe, ranking in size, population and power with Germany, France and Great Britain. Its location was almost exactly central in Europe. It was rich in agriculture and mines. In education, literature and art it held a high place. It has produced some of the greatest musicians of the world. It was due to Poland, under its distinguished king, John Sobieski, that the Turks were driven back from their great invasion of 1683, and thus that Europe was finally saved from its great and long continued fear of being overrun by Mohammedanism. In the 18th century the country was conquered by its three powerful neighbors, Russia, Austria and Prussia, and divided between them, and since that time has had no national existence. Perhaps the greatest single constructive result of the late war in Europe has been that of giving a new birth to this ancient nation.

Two facts in this connection will interest some of the readers of UNITY. One is that Professor Textor is a religious liberal. The other is that at one time (in the 16th century) Poland possessed a strong and influential Unitarian church, as did Hungary. Ruthless persecution from the Roman Catholics crushed out the Unitarian movement in Poland. But in Hungary the Unitarian church still exists, with a history of three centuries and a half behind it, although it has suffered most terrible persecutions and hardships, and today its sufferings are well nigh as great as at any time in the past.

New York, Sept. 25. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

PROFESSOR TEXTOR'S ARTICLE

Large sections of Poland were devastated by the Great War as terribly as was any part of Europe except the northeast of France, and hardly less than that. The country was swept over, now by one army and now by another. Poles were forced to fight their brother Poles. Millions of the people were driven from their homes under the most tragic circumstances.

When the Russian Army fled from Warsaw it carried the civil population with it. The inhabitants on the long eastern front of Poland were given an hour's notice to begin the journey that was to take them out of their own country into Russia. The great trek began, an endless procession traveling by cart or on foot. Now and then some family, bent upon staying behind whatever might befall, hid in the forest until the army had passed by and then returned to its home; but such were relatively few in number. It is estimated that no less than eight million people—men, women and children—passed over into Russia. That was in 1915; and for six years the land lay dead, a wilderness of trenches, gun emplacements and barbed wire. The soil grew as hard as though it had never known the plough and in many places whole forests of young trees raised their heads and grew fifteen and even twenty feet high.

With the Armistice hope came to the exiles. The dream that Poland might be free grew to a certainty; but the suffering was by no means over. The refugees began to come back. They boarded by the thousands such few trains as there were, they traveled herded together like cattle with no conveniences of any kind. Often the journey lasted months. There was little food in the beginning and toward the end the poor wretches passed whole days at a time without any at all. Some of them came from typhus-infected regions, for that dread disease had been raging in Rumania and East Galicia. Soon the border lands of eastern Poland were in the grip of the plague. The number of those who fell victims increased by leaps and bounds. The march of the disease was such that it bade fair to make its way across all Poland into western Europe.

It was at this juncture that the Friends came to fight the epidemic. No words can describe the good they wrought. Their unit cared for the sick, disinfected villages ravaged by the disease, bathed and deloused individual persons who had been exposed to it. The Friends not only fought the typhus but also undertook preventive measures, furnishing soap and a change of clothes for such as had none and providing bathing facilities. Since typhus is carried by a body-louse cleanliness is the great desideratum in warding it off. When in 1920 the League of Nations made an appropriation for combating typhus and the Polish government took charge of the work in its own country, the Society of Friends gave its equipment to Polish organizations. This was in the autumn of that year.

While Poland was passing through the ordeal of the typhus epidemic the Bolsheviks overran the country. In the course of three weeks they carried off eighty thousand horses and completely devastated many square miles of territory that had hitherto escaped the general ruin. The plight of the few remaining people in

the eastern borderland was then all the worse. They were left without the simplest agricultural implements, without seeds of any kind. And all the while newcomers from Russia came drifting in to add their own to the misery already there. After the Treaty of Riga was signed by Poland and Russia, in March of 1921, the stream of refugees into Poland increased enormously. It reached its greatest proportion in the autumn of that same year because the famine along the lower reaches of the Volga was then at its height and flight seemed the only escape. The refugees poured through Minsk, the capital of White Russia, coming by slow stages from the various evacuating stations, a vast unorganized army. Six years before, they had gone by this same road but in the opposite direction. Then they were fleeing a land overrun by Germans, now they were endeavoring to escape the grip of hunger. During the time of their sojourn in Russia, living in widely scattered villages, remote from sources of information, they had learned little concerning the march of events in eastern Poland. They knew, of course, in a general way that war carries desolation with it but they did not envisage a land well-nigh swept clean of human habitations. They were going back to their old homes and they saw them in their minds as they had been before the war. The thought of the old life soon to be resumed, as they believed, kept them alive during that long and terrible journey, whether they were on the march or whether living for a space in the woods or in underground huts. They died by the thousand, by the ten thousand, but those who continued to live struggled on toward their goal.

The condition of eastern Poland at this time was appalling. There were many villages where not a house remained standing. Those refugees who had returned in 1919 were living, for the most part, in dugouts, damp, dark, airless. Sometimes a whole family occupied a space six by twelve feet, with barely room for a stove, sleeping benches and table; its sole food a few potatoes grown on the one bit of land uninvaded by the surrounding marsh. Rain converted the roads into a sea of mud and flooded the dugout. The wretched inmates had not even a pail with which to bail out the water. They were absolutely without the simplest utensils of any kind. A spade, a hatchet was wealth. Even the estates that had once given employment to many were silent empty places. Their spacious homes were in a tumbled-down condition, a rank growth of grass and weeds covered the deserted gardens. Once, in dire distress, it might have been possible to turn to the estate owners for help. Now there was no neighbor who was not himself in overwhelming poverty.

Again it was the Society of Friends that came to the rescue. While the Quaker Unit was combating typhus it had abundant opportunity to observe the destitution and misery everywhere prevalent. Already in the spring of 1920 the Mission had begun the work of agricultural reconstruction at Hrubieszow. They had furnished seeds and loaned horses and ploughs. But their work here was interrupted and all that had been accomplished was wiped out by the war between Poland and Soviet Russia. Undaunted the Friends began again in the spring of 1921, this time with tractor ploughing. Seeds of garden vegetables were distributed that there might be food for the summer, grain and flax were to meet later needs. Assistance was given in the rebuilding of homes and schools. Autumn brought a good harvest and this particular region was left to work out its own salvation.

The Friends then transferred their energy to another field where the need was very pressing and began work upon a scale larger still. They purchased 1200 army horses from the government—at a minimum price, it must be said, for the government was eager to cooperate with them. These horses were divided into so-called "columns," each containing fifty, more or less, and supervised by a Mission member who employed the necessary number of horse controllers. It is interesting to note that these controllers were chosen irrespective of nationality. There were Russians as well as Poles among them. These "columns" ploughed the land of the poorest, lists of such families being carefully made out by the Mission members in consultation with the local authorities. The preparation of such a list was not an easy task. Sometimes peasants disputed with each other as to who were the poorest, each striving to be so adjudged; and it cannot be said that the village authorities were always above bribes or unwilling to bestow favors upon their relatives. It was the ungracious task of the Friends to insist that every case should be investigated and that help should be given first of all to the neediest and most deserving. The fields once ploughed, the sowing was left to the owners who were provided with good seed,—potatoes, barley, wheat, buckwheat and rye. A precious thing was this seed and so regarded by those to whom it was given, not a thing to be eaten even in the face of starvation. The annals of the Friends record instances of peasants who died of hunger, the potatoes for the spring planting untouched beside them. Such may truly be said to have laid down their lives for others.

The horse columns served also to haul wood for building houses. The returned refugee who lived in a dugout or a branch shelter or a bit of a trench bade fair to die of cold, dampness, lack of air and sanitation. Yet he had no way of providing himself with another habitation. He had no building material of any kind. It is true that the government issued permits to take wood from the forests but such a permit was given only to a man who possessed facilities for building a house. Relatively few were able to meet this requirement. The great majority had no tools with which to fell the trees, no horses to haul the logs to the village. Their case would have been desperate had not the Friends come to their assistance. An arrangement was made with the Government in accordance with which standing timber was granted to those families whom the combined wisdom of the Friends and the local authorities decided to be in dire need. The Friends engaged to haul the wood from the forest provided the recipient used it to build a house wholly above ground and with windows which could be opened to admit fresh air. In the case of poor widows the Friends sometimes gave help in the construction of the house.

One of the most depressing circumstances in the whole situation was the enforced idleness of the returned refugees. Born and bred to the soil, agriculture had always been practically their sole means of earning a livelihood. But the fields had grown so hard during the years that they had lain fallow that they could not be broken without tools. The Friends provided ploughs, spades, hoes, rakes, forks, scythes, sickles, and the peasants traveled long distances to be present on the days when these were distributed. But to work the land by hand alone is a long and slow process. True the horse columns of the Friends sought to plough a morg of land for each family in the districts to which they were assigned. But not all districts en-

joyed this advantage, it takes time for seed to ripen into bread and a morg of land is not sufficient to feed a family.

To meet this difficult situation the Friends devised the Industry Scheme, which was a wonderful god-send to the country. Peasant women were provided with linen and colored floss with which to embroider the linen. Adepts in the art, they thought out their own designs and blended the colors to suit themselves, except in cases where, for various reasons, it seemed best to direct them. Luncheon sets, towels, aprons, tray cloths, jumpers, baby bibs were multiplied by the hundred and thousand and sent to England and America for sale. It was no unusual sight to see a little girl set her blue and yellow stitches while she herded a gaunt cow, the sole wealth of her family brought back from Russia. A large gift of wool from Australia provided other employment. It was given to women to card and spin and dye and weave into cloth for stout garments. The conditions under which the work was done were nearly always lamentable. Sometimes the loom occupied nearly all the floor space of a wretched airless dugout and the weaving went on by the light of a single window less than two feet square. As soon as the first harvest of flax was grown the women set about making linen. The Friends' Mission bought such of it as the owners chose to spare and gave it out to be embroidered. It was wonderful to see how this particular activity put meaning into the lives of those who engaged in it.

Their interest in the work is shown by the great effort they made to obtain it. Women would rise long before dawn and walk ten and twenty versts on a bitterly cold morning to be present at the center where the distribution took place. They were amazed at the businesslike way in which the directors of the industry (Friends) took down the name and address of every worker and the amount of linen and floss or of wool given her, and they learned many a lesson in honesty and accuracy. Woe betide the delinquent who brought back a short weight of wool or who tried to increase the weight of what she returned by wetting or secreting a few small stones in the center of the yarn. She was immediately sent back home and told not to return until she could produce the full weight. It was easier to filch skeins of embroidery floss. But the quick detection of evident discrepancy between what had been given and what was returned and the direct question, "Have you brought back all your thread?" when the discrepancy was not so apparent made clear to the peasants the nature of straight dealing.

The Industry Scheme of the Friends' Mission proved eminently successful. The work has steadily grown and will probably be greatly enlarged if the right personnel can be found. Now that the Friends have liquidated, it is being carried on by the Committee for Help to the Polish Eastern Borders, commonly known in Warsaw as K. P. P. K. W. The Industry Scheme certainly has met and is still meeting a very real need. It will be a long time before the peasants of eastern Poland can regain a condition even approximating prosperity. Until they are able to reclaim their devastated fields they will need to earn something on the side in order to eke out even a very bare livelihood.

The Society of Friends has spent five years in Poland. Their annual reports make wonderfully interesting reading. This brief sketch has only touched upon the three main lines of their reconstructive work. There is a great deal more. Much might be said of their unique arrangement for providing fresh milk for babies, their medical centers, the assistance rendered to orphanages and other institutions. All this could in a degree be weighed and measured, if there were occasion. Not so the best things that they achieved. Their interest in the individual, the ready patience with which they listened to every tale of woe, warmed many a heart. Their uncompromising honesty and their steady justice stimulated those with whom they came in contact to straighter thinking and better conduct. The simple way in which they lived, the great and constant hardships which they endured without a murmur, strengthened many a soul to bear his own lot.

The Friends have now finished their work in Poland as a separate organization, but they still share in the direction and assist in the support of the agricultural school at Kolpin. This purposes to give a suitable education to those orphans who own land and thus to carry on the reconstructive work in Poland, the foundations of which have been so well laid.

LUCY E. TEXTOR.

Warsaw, Poland.

And they came with haste,
and found the babe lying in the manger.

The Little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;
The Ox put forth a hornèd head;
"Come little Lord, here make Thy bed."

Uprose the Sheep were folded near;
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.

The little Jesus came to town;
With Ox and sheep He laid Him down;
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For that they housed Him from the cold!

A Christmas Folk-Song. —*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

THE STUDY TABLE

A Negro Masterpiece*

"The Fire in the Flint" is the title of a first novel with which Walter F. White joins that small but growing number of Negro writers of fiction who are saying their say on the race problem in the United States.

This novel is the story of Kenneth Harper, a Negro, who returns to practice medicine in his native town in South Georgia. An interesting and unique preparation Harper had received for his life's work: He had graduated from a southern Negro college and from a northern medical school; he had served a year's interneship in a New York hospital and had fought with the American army in France in the war "to make the world safe for democracy." He had built up a philosophy toward all the problems of life as well as toward the race problem, to the effect that each man must meet his problems for himself. This philosophy suffers an awful jolt, however, as the young physician comes face to face with the race problem as it actually is.

Encouraged by his fiancee, Jane Phillips, Kenneth endeavors to help the Negro share-croppers, so mercilessly and hopelessly robbed and cheated by their conscienceless landlords, by organizing them into "The National Negro Farmers' Co-Operative and Protective League." That activity, however, marks him as a dangerous Negro in the eyes of the white inhabitants of those parts and poor Kenneth is doomed.

The story runs furiously on to its dramatic end. Kenneth's Sister Mamie, a public school teacher, is harmed by members of "the superior race"; his Brother, Bob, in the midst of his plans for entering Harvard, is burned in the public square by members of "the superior race" and portions of his body seized as souvenirs; and in the end Kenneth himself is lynched.

A native of Georgia, Mr. White knows the South, its works and ways. Since his complexion enables him to navigate on either side of the color line, his book reveals an intimate knowledge of both races; and that knowledge is used to good purpose in the presentation and development of his chosen theme. As Assistant Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People for the past six years, the author has studied race-riots and lynchings at close range and much of the material in his book is the result of these investigations.

The white South will not like Mr. White's book,—in fact has already expressed disapproval through many voices. But then the white South did not like Helper's "Impending Crisis" or Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of an earlier day; nor does it like Skagg's "The Southern Oligarchy," just recently published. But the white South should know by now that the quickest and surest way to stop the writing of such books is to change altogether the social and political and economic conditions which furnish the material from which such books are made. On the other hand, the Negroes themselves and their friends and all others really interested in the race problem will accept this book as a valuable contribution to the literature dealing with the color question. If read widely and taken seriously it will help us toward a better day.

AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL.

* "The Fire in the Flint." By Walter F. White. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

A New Du Bois Book*

This volume is published by the Knights of Columbus in its Racial Contribution Series. Its preface is by Dr. Edward F. McSweeny, and contains a short historical sketch of the early settlements in this country and the diverse nations and religions that came here. He deplores the effort today to set up caste control in the United States. Then comes Dr. Du Bois' story of the Negro and his contribution to this conglomerate nation.

Dr. Du Bois in his prescript opens with one of his superb paragraphs. "We who know," he says, "may not forget but must forever spread the splendid, sordid truth that out of the most lowly and persecuted of men, Man made America. And that what Man has here begun with all its want and imperfection, with all its magnificent promise and grotesque failure, will some day blossom in the souls of the Lowly." Then he leaves this height and proceeds to tell us in 300 well massed pages of what the Negro has contributed to the civilization of America. He shows the value of the slaves' dull labor, how it made possible the development of the South. And then he shows us what the free man and woman have done in industry, in the army, in art, literature, music, and last in religion. It is a clearly told, and to many will be a new, story.

How many people for instance, know that De Boré, a West Indian Negro, reared in Louisiana, discovered the process of sugar granulation, or that the Negro Rillieux invented a vacuum pan that revolutionized the method of refining sugar? Matzeliger, a New England Negro though born in Dutch Guiana, laid the foundation for the success of the United Shoe Machinery Company by inventing a machine for lasting shoes. But most important of all to the Americans of today, old and young, was the Negro caterer, who invented ice cream. Dr. Du Bois does not give us the man's name, but he assures us that the colored caterers, along with Chicken a la Maryland and Philadelphia terrapin, put this dish upon the tables of the New World.

The chapter on reconstruction has some of the facts that "The Birth of A Nation" has tried too successfully to root out of our histories. We have set forth some of the reforms accomplished by the reconstruction legislatures, the establishment of a public school system, the building of penal and charitable institutions and a better system of finance. He quotes from an enemy of the movement:

> Even those who mocked and sneered at the Negro legislators brought now and then words of praise. It is not all shame, not all burlesque. They have a genuine interest and a genuine earnestness in the business of the assembly which we are bound to recognize and respect. They have an earnest purpose, born of conviction that their conditions are not fully assured, which lends a sort of dignity to their proceedings. The barbarous, animated jargon in which they so often indulge is on occasion seen to be so transparently sincere and weighty in their minds that sympathy supplants disgust.

The book is full of material of use in the many controversies that arise when two people talk the race problem. We congratulate the Knights of Columbus on their Series, and only hope that we may learn of the other elements in the country in as clear and concise and interesting a volume as this one on the Black Folk.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

* "The Gift of Black Folk." By Dr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Published by The Stratford Company, Boston.

CORRESPONDENCE

PESSIMISM AND THE OPIUM CONFERENCE.

Editor of UNITY:

Soon after I wrote my brief article on the Opium Conference at Geneva I received from Mrs. Ford a generous letter in the course of which she called my attention to the fact that she did not share my pessimistic view regarding the outcome or results of the Conference. I did not feel that I had conveyed that impression in my article, but in justice to Mrs. Ford I think it should be made plain that I was then expressing only my own opinion. That I was not entirely wrong, however, now seems clear, for the Conference has met, bickered, debated and accomplished nothing constructive—on the other hand I believe it may be said to have made for further disagreement between the East and the West.

I am not capable of hoping that anything good or useful will ever come from or through the present misbegotten League of Nations; what is needed is a new start, a new beginning, with all the world taking part, and even then I doubt the possibility of complete success.

Respectfully,
JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

A HERESY TRIAL

Dear UNITY:

For twenty years Wisconsin liberalism has blazed forth from the pulpit of Christ Presbyterian church in Madison and with the failure of the heresy charges brought against the Minister, Rev. Dr. George E. Hunt, the prospect is that the fires of liberal thought will, in the future, burn even more brightly than before.

Dr. Hunt has not only been liberal in his theology, but he has been liberal on social, economic and political questions. He was one of the organizers of the Madison Peace society, he has been almost as familiar a figure at the Madison labor headquarters as he has been at his own church.

Forty-eight Presbyterian ministers gathered at Madison this week to conduct a heresy trial against Dr. Hunt. He has been a leader in the movement in his own Presbytery to declare for the outlawry of war, and the movement was carried to success. While the world war was on he had the audacity to frequently read the sermon on the mount from his pulpit and even went so far as to preach from the text "Love your enemies." Many were, of course, infuriated, so Dr. Hunt resigned, but this is Wisconsin and a majority of his congregation took sides with Jesus and Dr. Hunt stuck.

None of these things were the basis of the heresy charges but they formed a mighty interesting background.

Dr. Hunt's accusers lost no time in framing up a long indictment, or bill of particulars. Here are the charges:

"He has violated his ordination vows in:

"1. That he does not believe in the scripture as the word of God, according to his ordination vows.

"2. That he does no longer accept or believe in the confession of faith.

"3. That he does not believe in the virgin birth of Christ as the scriptures state in Matthew 1, Luke 1.

"4. That he does not believe in the creation as given in 'Genesis.' *He believes and teaches evolution.*

"5. That he signed an affirmation against the ruling of the supreme court, The General Assembly."

It was a letter to one of the Madison papers protesting against the ousting of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick from the First Presbyterian church of New York which precipitated the attack on Dr. Hunt, for in this letter he declared the Westminster confession "antiquated."

The board of elders and trustees of Dr. Hunt's church unanimously voiced in resolutions their "Sincere belief in the sound doctrine and practical Christianity exemplified in the preaching and other public utterances" of their minister.

Dr. Hunt heaped some coals of fire on the heads of his accusers, which scorched them, when he publicly asked that a stop be put to the strong language he had heard used against the ministers who brought charges against him. He called one of them "a true saint of the Lord" and said that "for fifty years he had been one of the dearest and truest servants of the gospel." Of them all he said:

"They honestly think that in this action they are doing their duty and are serving their God."

On the Sunday before Dr. Hunt's trial opened, I contributed an article to the Wisconsin State Journal to show exactly what the creed is which Dr. Hunt was accused of not believing.

I quoted those delectable phrases from the Westminster confession explaining how God for his glory "predestinated some unto everlasting life, and others foreordained for everlasting death," and explaining that "their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished." I showed how specific the creed was with regard to those "not professing the Christian religion." They cannot be saved, "be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature and the law of that religion they do profess, and to maintain that they may is very pernicious and to be detested."

The charges against Dr. Hunt were dismissed. The accused put in no defense. Only four persons voted to sustain what was called "the major charge."

CHESTER C. PLATT.

NEWS FROM HUNGARY.

Editor of UNITY:

On Oct. 15th I arrived in Budapest and have already commenced the Relief Mission Work. Before coming here I spent a few days in Vienna and was able to learn from business sources how difficult the industrial life now is in Austria with the very heavy taxation and the lack of capital. The shops seem empty except those selling the very essentials of life and of course there are not so many rich foreigners who once enjoyed the cheap living in a land with a depreciating currency.

Conditions in Budapest are indeed sad and many reliable witnesses say it will be the worst winter of all. During the last two or three years certain factories were kept busy making goods which could be sold cheap owing to the poor state of the Hungarian kronen. But now the kronen is stabilized, and Hungary, owing to the Foreign Loan, is faced with heavy taxes and a high rate of interest on the League of Nations Loan. During the past two or three years a large portion of the people were speculating on the Foreign Exchange, but again with the stabilizing of the Hungarian kronen this means of livelihood is ended. Thus large numbers must live on meagre means, and the reconstruction has caused the dismissal of thousands of state employees, casting them adrift on an inadequate pension. From the banks alone between 8,000 to 10,000 younger and older employees are dismissed. Business is practically at a standstill; many factories are closed and others are working at half time or on reduced staff. Then no one seems to have any capital, and when I go into a big bank to change a cheque, I find five or six customers, where in the spring one found forty or more at a time. The bank rate of interest is abnormally high. Since my return I have tried to obtain employment for one or two friends who have been dismissed but I find that no one wants any new workers at present, and one manager of a large firm closely connected with U. S. A., said if he did right he ought to dismiss fifteen clerks out of his staff of forty employees, but at present he had not the heart to do so.

The Opera House and the theaters are finding the difficulty of "carrying on," and some of the theaters are discussing the lowering of prices in order to attract the people.

The reader must understand that in Hungary's present state, with her industrial loss owing to the taking away of her minerals and wood and salt in the territories given under the Peace Treaty to her neighbors, the land is too impoverished to have an efficient poor law, or unemployment insurance, and the trade unions are likewise so poor since the war that they cannot help, except a very little, their needy members.

It is too early to prophesy what the coming winter will bring about, but already I find great need for organized relief, and I trust UNITY and its readers will again support my efforts to do some little in carrying goodwill and in relieving distress and want. It is little one can do, but that little shows to some despairing souls that there are broadminded and generous hearts in England and U. S. A.

One young man I have known some years was thrown out of work during my absence, and having no money or means of getting any, has slept nights out in the open. He is a Unitarian orphan of a good middle class Transylvanian family. He is now being helped and luckily has some work in the country on November 1st. The inhabitants of the allied countries, especially England and U. S. A., cannot fully realize the refugee problem. Here are people turned out of their native land and thrust into the great city and owing to the economic col-

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PROGRAM EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR LABOR LEGISLATION

Congress Hotel, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, December 28-30, 1924, Chicago

PROGRAM

I. Sunday, December 28, 8:00 P. M.

Readjustments of Law and Industry. (Joint session with American Economic Association.) Presiding Officer: James A. Field, University of Chicago.

1. "The Task of Securing Legal Readjustments Required by Industrial Changes" — Jane Addams, Hull House.
2. "The Adaptation of the Law to Changing Economic Conditions" —William Draper Lewis, Director, American Law Institute.

II. Monday, December 29, 10:00 A. M.

Obstacles to Protective Labor Legislation. Presiding Officer: Ernest G. Draper, Treasurer, Hills Brothers Company, New York City.

1. "Legislative and Administrative Pitfalls"—Thomas I. Parkinson, Columbia Law School; First Official Draftsman, U. S. Senate.
2. "Propaganda Methods of the Opposition" — Robert Bruère, *The Survey.*

Discussion led by Florence Kelley, Secretary, National Consumers League; Elizabeth Christman, Secretary, National Women's Trade Union League; Victor Olander, Secretary, Illinois Federation of Labor; Amy Maher, Ohio Council on Women and Children in Industry; Edward W. Macy, National Child Labor Committee.

III. Monday, December 29, 2:00 P. M.

Relation of Unemployment and Old Age to Industry and Charity. Presiding Officer: Joseph Schaffner, Hart Schaffner & Marx, Chicago.

1. "The Psychological Effect of Unemployment on the Jobless Man" —Stuart Rice, Dartmouth College.
2. "The True Scope of Unemployment Insurance" — John R. Commons, University of Wisconsin.

Discussion.

3. "The Growing Insistence Upon Pensions Rather Than Institutional Care for Aged Dependents" — John A. Lapp, National Catholic Welfare Council.

Discussion led by Abraham Epstein, Author of "Facing Old Age," Secretary, Pennsylvania Old Age Assistance Commission; William Mitchell, Committee on Old Age Pensions, United Mine Workers of America; Frank E. Hering, Chairman, Old Age Pension Committee, Fraternal Order of Eagles.

IV. Tuesday, December 30, 10:00 A. M.

Effective Operation of Labor Laws. Presiding Officer: Paul H. Douglas, Amherst College.

1. "The Contribution of Labor Laws to Industrial Peace" — John A. Fitch, Columbia University, Author of "The Causes of Industrial Unrest."
2. "Interprovincial or Interstate Cooperation in Labor Laws" — J. W. Macmillan, Victoria College, Chairman Ontario Minimum Wage Commission.
3. "Authority of the Court of Last Resort" — Robert L. Hale, Lecturer in Legal Economics, Columbia University.

Discussion led by George G. Groat, University of Vermont; George B. Arnold, Director, Illinois Department of Labor; Edwin E. Witte, Chief, Wisconsin Legislative Reference Library.

V. Tuesday, December 30, 12:30 P. M.

Luncheon.* Annual Business Meeting. (Open to members of the American Association for Labor Legislation.) Reports of Secretary and Treasurer. Election of Officers for 1925. Discussion of Immediate Legislative Program.

*Reservations for this luncheon, price $1.50, should be made through the Secretary as long in advance as possible.

Special Reports by Association Officials.

VI. Tuesday, December 30, 2:00 P. M.

Population and Labor Supply. (Joint session with American Statistical Association.) Presiding Officer: Louis I. Dublin, President, American Statistical Association.

1. "The Training and Direction of Our Labor Supply" — George Soule, Labor Bureau, Inc., New York City.
2. "The Wider Occupational Opportunities of Women and the Population Problem"—Susan Kingsbury, Bryn Mawr College.
3. "Influence of Child Labor Restrictions on Population"—Grace Abbott, Chief, U. S. Children's Bureau.
4. "The Management of Unemployment and Labor Supply"—Bryce M. Stewart, Unemployment Insurance Office of Men's Clothing Industry.

Discussion led by B. M. Squires, Trade Board, Men's Clothing Industry.

VII. Tuesday, December 30, 8:00 P. M.

The World Monetary Problem. (How far is it practicable to stabilize industry through stabilization of banking and credit operations?) (Joint session with American Economic Association.) Presiding officer: Wesley C. Mitchell, President American Economic Association.

1. "The United States" — John R. Commons, University of Wisconsin.
2. "England"—T. E. Gregory, London School of Economics.
3. "Some International Aspects of Monetary Policies"—J. R. Bellerby, International Labor Office, Geneva.

Discussion led by W. F. Gephart, Vice-President, First National Bank, St. Louis.

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The headquarters of the Association for Labor Legislation (and of the Economic and Statistical associations) will

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lapse unable to get a living. I am always thankful I have been privileged to help somewhat with the refugee problem, and thankful also for the funds given from English and American people.

Today the weather has turned colder and seems to give one some foretaste of the severe winter cold and frost and snow. To have not enough to eat, or to sit in badly heated rooms, and to be despondent through unemployment must be a terrible lot, but from so many sources I learn this must be the lot of thousands this winter.

Prices here are very high, in many respects Budapest is one of the dearest cities in Europe today.

I wish you could see the Pester Lloyd Newspaper sometimes for you would be surprised at the number of suicides that occur.

In writing thus I am giving you my thoughts after talking with a cabinet minister, an M. P., a secretary of a clerk's union, several merchants, secretary of the Red Cross, many social workers, etc. I have just read the letter to a member of a large industrial firm and he tells me the picture could have been painted in darker colors.

I appreciate your sympathy and your generosity and goodwill.

Yours sincerely,

FRED HANKINSON.

Relief Mission, Hotel Hungaria, Budapest, Hungary.

be at the Congress Hotel. Rates for single room without bath $2.50; for two $4.00; with bath $4.00 and $6.00 and up. Other hotels conveniently situated with similar rates include: Auditorium, Blackstone, La Salle, Morrison.

Arrangements have been made with the various Passenger Associations to grant reduced rates to the allied Association members and their families, provided 250 are in attendance and present Certificates. When buying your regular one-way ticket for the going journey, at least thirty minutes before departure of your train, request a CERTIFICATE, not a "Receipt." Certificates are not kept at all stations, but the local agent will, if necessary, give the nearest point on the way at which they can be obtained.

Allied Organization Programs

Allied associations meeting in Chicago on these dates, with the names and addresses of their secretaries from whom programs may be requested, include:

American Statistical Association, W. I. King, 474 West 24th St., New York City.

American Sociological Society, E. W. Burgess, University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois.

American Economic Association, R. B. Westerfield, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut.

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